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"The Peculiar Institution."

If the man spoken of below be partner in the slave-holding house of *Franklin & Armfield*, so long and infamously known throughout the United States, as would seem to be the case from all the circumstances mentioned, and the names—then certainly this notice deserves a place as one of the signs of the times. The picture is one of a villain trying to make his peace with Heaven, by yielding up a portion of his ill-got gain, as the robber in Italia gives half to the priest. The editor who could peo, and the public which could hear such eulogy, must be too low for even contempt, while the seclusion core with which the means he wields for accomplishing wealth are kept out of sight, shews that the wholesome influence of the Anti-Slavery movement has penetrated even to their depth, and made men ashamed to speak before the world of that which in the midst of a guilty community they are not ashamed to do. W. P.

From the New Orleans Weekly Trepic.

UNPARALLELED MUNIFICENCE.—MRS. ISAAC FRANKLIN.

The facts disclosed in the following interesting article copied below, are of the most pleasing, inviting, and refreshing character. There are many, very many instances of persons commencing life under adverse circumstances, and yet, by the exercise of natural talent, the practice of untiring industry, win an honourable celebrity, and become the "architects of their own fortune." But in this favored country, changing age, the cases are extremely rare, "few and far between," of men upon whom "fortune had smiled," cultivating the spirit of benevolence and philanthropy. We knew Isaac Franklin. He was a man of discerning mind, sound judgment, great worth, indomitable spirit, and vast enterprise. Entirely unpretending in his manners and mode of transacting his business, he possessed qualities of mind and habits of close thought, which were the delight of his friends were unappriised of. By his industry and enterprise, he had succeeded in amassing a princely estate, had become a *millionaire*, and from our knowledge of his character, we have no doubt that as he travelled associated with delight, the character and usefulness of his immortal namesake, Benjamin Franklin, and resolved in his own mind to imitate his bright example in all effort to scatter good among his fellow-men. The recital of facts given below show how faithfully he put into practice the resolves of his mind, and the purposes of his heart. Who can estimate the amount of good which the munificent bequest of Isaac Franklin, to be spread in the channels of necessitous children, will accomplish? No one can. Hundreds, are thousands of children, who would otherwise grow up in ignorance, will wade a desert waste," will, with stores of knowledge and cultivated powers, become useful and shining citizens of the Republic, and consequently, while acquiring honour themselves, and revering the name of Franklin, they too will esteem it a privilege and an honour to follow in his footsteps, by providing for the education and comfort of the young and rising generation.

The course pursued by the estimable widow of Mr. Franklin, would be a most delightful theme to dwell upon, did our limits permit. But we must contem ourselves with saying, (enjoying, as we do, the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with her,) that she is a lady of rare excellence, of eminent worth. The gratifying, the eloquent fact is proclaimed in the records, that the sum of *one hundred and fifty thousand dollars* will not tempt her to thwart the directions of the benevolent testator. This sum is legally and morally belongs to her, his her heart bleeds to union with the progress of her deceased husband, and she promptly and cheerfully decided it should go in the channel prescribed by him. The fame of Senator Benning, and Judge Hall will ever honour and bless the name of this lady.

It will be seen that Mr. John Armfield, for many years the partner in business of Mr. Franklin, is the executor of this immense estate. It is a most responsible station, and Isaac Franklin, in selecting him to execute his vast trust, gave another evidence of a discerning mind and sound judgment. We have known Mr. Armfield many years, and in the whole circle of our acquaintance we do not know a more honorable and upright man. Judicious in the management of his own, not inconsiderable interests, with integrity unstained and unswerving, the people of Sumner county, and all others interested, have a guaranty in his character, that the trust reposed in him by his deceased friend, will be honourably, judiciously, and scrupulously executed.

In the disposition of wealth, acquired by habits of labour and frugality, aided by intelligence, there is, perhaps, nothing so refreshing to humanity, as the abnegation of self, which, in some cases, characterizes the public benefactor. The great characteristic of self-making, in civilized and enlightened society, is that personal ambition to build up a family, create a name, which, by accumulating wealth in few hands, is the great cause of the misery which exists so extensively over the whole country. Hedged around about by those privileges—those advantages which riches always bring—the enormously wealthy are generally the very curse of those in their immediate vicinity—" blasting, like a mildew," the infant virtues of candour, truth, and independence, which lie within their shade—exacting as their reward, public service, the bending knee, which are often but too readily yielded, with the sacrifice of every manly feeling, to outward show. Property, however, is sometimes, here and in the Eastern hemisphere, found in hands that know how to make a generous distribution of it; with individuals that look to a broader and more extended field than that of a single family, and who live not solely to themselves, but for the benefit of the whole human race.

Of such character was the late Isaac Franklin, of Sumner county, Tennessee, and of equally venerated qualities is his relict, Mrs. Franklin. Had they lived in the remote times of early republican Rome, their fame would have been commended to us, in the genius of the far-famed lyric poets, who adorned those classic lands; and have been emblazoned for immortality in the living pages of Thucydides, or Livy, or Tacitus. But they are of modern times, and such the multiplicity of affairs with which the world is engrossed, perhaps the knowledge of their virtues will not extend beyond the comparatively limited circle in which they lived, although the crowning act of their lives is unrivalled of a nature to cast undying lustre on the annals of their age and country.

Mr. Franklin died on the 27th of April last, on a plantation which belonged to him, in the parish of West Feliciana, leaving, at the usual vigorous age of fifty-five, a fortune amounting to nearly a million of dollars. With a rare benevolence and consideration for the future prosperity of the rising generation, he bequeathed the principal part of his property toward building and endowing an institution of learning in Sumner county, Tennessee, his native State. There are some circumstances connected with the of endowment, set off and embellished with the most attractive modesty. With a view to put our readers and the public in a position to estimate aright this most shining character of our times, a sketch of his career, up to the period at which he was so prematurely snatched by death from the scene of his prudence by labors.

Mr. Franklin's parents, James Franklin and Mary Alderdale, were from Virginia; he being a native of Bedford county, the birth of Boxcourt. They were married just at the breaking out of the war of Independence, and emigrated to East Tennessee, in the year 1776, where they set up their household gods, in Holston, slenderly provided with this world's wealth. In the spring of 1780, they moved farther west, and for a short time, (one year,) resided at the fort on Mance's Lick, where they, with the remainder of the people thereon, were obliged to decamp, by the hostile Indians. They took refuge in Nashville, then the strongest fort of West Tennessee. Mr. James Franklin, while here, performed military service in protecting the young settlement, until 1784, by which he became the owner of a hundred and forty acres of land, by pre-emption claim, on the west side of Station Camp Creek, whither in the above-named year, he removed, and where Mr. Isaac Franklin, the subject of this memoir was born, on the 16th of May, 1789.

The youth of this worthy Christian was spent, in the usual way, with the primitive inhabitants of those distant scenes, in the newly-established districts of the West. A slight education, acquired in the country schools, and a familiarity with the pursuits of agriculture, to which he was early introduced, formed his slender stock of information.—When in his eighteenth year, he left home and went to his elder brothers, John and James, as their agent in superintending on the Mississippi the surplus products of the country below Orleans, and bringing back merchandise in their room. Boating in those days was a business of perilous adventure, often bringing into requisition the highest attributes of courage and ready invention. Those who were engaged in it, were regarded with pride by their companions; each vying with the other in their reputation; since their departure from the infant settlements of the West, for so long a time, was looked on with fear and anxiety, and their safe return heralded with joy and praise.

Mr. Isaac Franklin, in the river trade, laid the foundation of his fortune. By the multitude of different characters with whom he was thrown in contact; by the variety of affairs into which his peculiar calling obliged him to enter; by the tact, address, firmness, and decision which his multifarious dealings so often called into play, and fully developed; he acquired a reputation for the due management of business which placed him in a position to realize a rapid fortune. At the age of fifty-five, he saw himself in the possession of property, amounting to upwards of a million of dollars.

Now than Mr. F. is dead, it is a delicious study to contemplate him, through all his labours, through all his manifold cares at home and abroad; exciting lasting dollar on dollar, adding acre to acre, and all with that grand object in view, which had been the constant pursuit of a friend, in the palmier days of his life, viz: the power of being able, at some period or other, to do something, worthy of record, for the benefit of the human family.

For a few years ago, we believe in 1840, Mr. Franklin, with a foresight which adds another triumph to his life of useful industry, finding himself in a position to take the first decisive step towards realizing his long-conceived philanthropic plan, made his will, by which he put on record the manner in which his property should be disposed. At the time he made his will he was worth a million of dollars. By the terms of this State, a testator, where one legitimate child survives him, cannot devise away more than two-thirds of his estate, (personal and personal;) if there are two children, he can then appropriate but one-half; and, in the event of a greater number, one-third only lies at his posthumous disposal. Mr. F. had two children at the time he was in the last-named category. He, therefore, left about one-third of his property to each of them, founding an institution Louisiana property vested in Sumner county, Tennessee; adding thereto the entire of the residue of his property out of the State of Louisiana, after certain legacies and an insignificant annuity for one life; the value of the property left with the original legacies and an insignificant annuity for one life; the value of the property left with the original legacies and an insignificant annuity for one life; the value of the property left with the original

sod from every sound principle upon which our republican institutions are founded, that the Government of the United States should be instrumental in extending Slavery in any direction, or in converting free territory into slave territory. To avoid that result, it is necessary that Congress shall provide by law against the existence of Slavery in any territory which hereafter may become the territory of the United States, and which shall not be included within the limits of a State. Whenever any territory shall have obtained a population sufficient for the formation of a State Government, and shall have formed a State Constitution, and been admitted into the Union as a State, then the responsibility of the Federal Government in respect to Slavery in that State, that territory and people, thus admitted as a State, ceases.

Then, say they who oppose the enactment of the Wilmot proviso, why not let the question alone, and leave it to the States and the people themselves to determine whether the State shall be a Slave State or a free State? This inquiry and reasoning is specious and plausible; but the simplest examination on the principles of common sense will show that it is unsound and false. If left alone, slaves more or less will be carried to the new territory, and if the country while it remains a territory shall be settled by a population holding slaves, the new and additional question of abolition is presented, and in order to get a free State, Slavery must first be abolished. This embarrassment in a new community without means to indemnify the owners, would be an obstacle almost insurmountable; and that new State would be very far from being free to choose between becoming a free State or a slave State.—On the contrary, if the country, while it remains a territory, shall be settled by a free population, from which Slavery is excluded—then, when a State Government is formed, the State and the people would emblem on the Slavery question, and the people would be unembarrassed by any pecuniary interests on questions of vested right, and be free to decide whether the State should be a free State or a slave State. In order, then, to secure this freedom of choice to the State and to the people, Slavery must be excluded from the country while it shall be a territory, and until it shall become a State.

But I will not pursue this subject now. must be obvious to all, as I think it will be acknowledged by all, that the character of the population in the territory will determine the character of the State, when that territory shall be erected into a State. If the territory has a slave population of only one fourth or one-fifth of the whole number, it will be a slave State. If a free population while a territory, it will be a free State. And while Slavery from all territory not within the limits of a State, and I am willing the territory shall determine for itself, when it becomes a State, shall be its choice in matter. Many of the States in which Slavery existed when the Union was formed, have abolished the institution. No instance of any one of those States from which Slavery has been excluded, can be found where the State or the people have determined to introduce slaves. If Congress will refuse, at this session, to make this free principle a law, the arms of the Republic will conquer free territory upon which Slavery will be planted. I desire the adoption of the free principle, because I believe it to be just to the free States, just to the white men who fight our battles, and to constitute the strength of the country in peace or war; because I believe it to be consistent with the principles of our Government, and because I believe it will tend to improve the condition and character of labour in the whole country. And who will deny that, in a Republic, it should be one of the objects of Government to elevate and dignify the condition and character of labour? Unless this measure shall be brought before the House by a committee, or in some other way, I shall continue to urge the bill I proposed yesterday upon the attention of House.

The following day, Mr. Hilliard, of Alabama, in a speech on the Mexican war, replied to Mr. King, and as usual the South threatens a dissolution of the Union. We only wish she would put this threat into execution.

The gentleman from New-York, (Mr. Preston King,) had told the House this in many words. In reply, Mr. H. would tell that gentleman he was treading on dangerous ground; that he was speaking rashly. Mr. H. said he was not averse to the extension of the territory of the United States; he did not feel on that subject the apprehensions which haunted the minds of some gentlemen. He believed that such was the tendency of the principles of our federal system of Government that it might be made to extend itself over any space, great or small. It resembled the fabled tent so the Arabian Night, which could cover with its shade few or many. But it territory is acquired (as it be in a legitimate manner—by purchase or the cession in a treaty of boundary) it must be settled and a high degree of civilization. He spoke the sense of the South on this point. It was not to be endured. The people of the Government what should be done, and, therefore, he considered it highly inexpedient to introduce such projects here as had been alluded to this morning. It might look very patriotic, and it might be traced to a high sense of morality, that a determination to prohibit Slavery as a crime; but Mr. H. regarded it as a solemn interference with the province and duties of another department of the Government to fix in advance the terms of a treaty which after to be concluded with Mexico. That belonged to the treaty-making power. It was for that House to discuss questions of a very different character. Would the gentleman say he meant to hold all the territory we might acquire, and to exclude Slavery from every part of it?—If he did, he would warn that gentleman that, on that question this Union could only stand on those compromises which he regarded in their sacred obligation as second only to the Constitution. The compromise which had taken place on the Missouri question had been sufficiently disadvantageous to the South. He said this in no offensive sense. The South did not interfere in the concerns of the North. They were entirely toward her in a holy feeling of brotherhood. They rejoiced, for one, in the splendid achievements and unprecedented success of the industry and enterprises of New England as much as any man. Why, then, was no cognizance to be taken to prescribe the South, as if they were guilty of some great crime in the sight both of God and man? That question had gone so far as to say that they would have no other ground than that which had heretofore been taken. Gentlemen transcended the rules which should govern them here: if they proceeded, they would have a right to feeling at the South that would rend the bonds of this Union as thousand times the strikes that bound him. Was this the doctrine that was to be applied on that, because what territory we might, free labour might be suffered to go there, but the rest of the South should not take their slaves with them there? Mr. Holmes, of Maine, had once said that to regulate Slavery was the attribute of sovereign power. He said this language:

"To regulate the relations between different members of a community, or to establish or prohibit Slavery is an attribute of sovereign power." * * * The gentleman from New-York has told us that a slave expression taken beyond the original States is unequal, and contrary to the spirit of the compact. I know not where the gentleman derived his authority, surely not from the Constitution. It is there agreed that the representation shall be apportioned according to the number of free persons and three-fifths of the slaves, not in such States as then existed, but in such as may be included within this Union." This language is explicit and positive.

Mr. Macon, of North Carolina, had said in the same debate upon the Missouri question—

"The gentleman from New-Hampshire has said that the Constitution was a compromise as to slaves. This is no doubt true; but not a compromise to emancipate. The States that held them could do with them as others had done, without asking or consulting the Convention or Congress. But it was a compromise as to representation and nothing else."

This was the language of truth and of justice. Why, was he to be told that the North meant to hold the conquered provinces, but that neither he nor any other Southern man, nor their children, nor their children's children, should act a first with it when them, unless they consented to abandon their property?

This was not a place to discuss the question of Slavery. It was a subject that should never be named in that hall. It was an institution which belonged to the Southern States themselves; and gentlemen did those States wrong to press them on that subject here.

The Missouri compromise had done them much injustice. Suppose the South should select a particular institution existing in the Northern States, and enter, after a war upon it, how would they regard it? What would they think not say of such a proceeding? Why, then, did they do the same thing to their Southern brethren? The slave population must have a representation somewhere. By the compromise the slave States were deprived of a portion of their political importance. Why, then, and by what right, was Slavery to be limited to the precise extent it now occupies? If there were likely to be formed at their side, under the same burning sun, and enjoying the same fertile plains, had they not common interests and common sympathies? Had slavery occasion seized on to interfere with those interests? Slavery was their concern, why not leave them to manage it? If it had its advantages, it had its evils also. He asked, in the name of liberty and of the Constitution, that it should not be made here a theme for angry disputation. Let not gentlemen rise up in their places and meet them with speeches and projects such as those to which they had listened, and which had been surreptitiously brought into the House this morning. If this thing was to be done, this Government would be unequal, and its days would be numbered. The spirit lingered still in the South which had produced our Revolution—a spirit which would stand for political rights to the very last. They would cling to the pillars of the Constitution as long as they could; they would listen to the parting words of Washington, which yet vibrated in their ears, as long as endurance was possible; but when they found they were to be downtrodden, they would be constrained, though it would be with deep grief, to give up an alliance, which was to be marked only by wrongs and oppressions, and gather about their homes and their property.

On a subsequent day, Mr. Dargan, (dem.) of Alabama, made Slavery the burden of a speech. He said:

It was the existence of Slavery which produced all the feeling of hostility which manifested itself on the acquisition of territory, and had at length led to open threats of the dissolution of the Union. After incisive remarks on the existence of Slavery in the Union, even in Africa, to its introduction by the acts of the British Government, he noticed the direction which it had assumed in the North, and there, South, and there it had its seat at this time. But if Slavery were a benefit to any, were the people of the South exclusively its benefactors? Were millions of Europe were fed and clothed by the products of slave labour. One cities were built, their wealth, our railroads constructed, and our own poor population supplied with food and raiment, all from the labour of slaves. This state of things had been produced by the action of the South, whose judgments, he presumed, were not to be the subject of impeachment on that floor. It had been a part of the Divine dispensation to bring about the greatest good of the race, or it never would have been permitted. Slavery had existed in the world from the earliest period by the South, the North were the chief beneficiaries from the good that it effected. There were some gentlemen, he knew, who considered themselves as commissioned from Heaven to burst its bonds asunder, but when called upon to show it, pointed, like Peter the Hermit, to the multitude around them. What they had written there, Mr. D. did not know, or what they intended to; but their course showed that they were actuated by all the animosities which so often prevailed in the States of a republic. Whole sections were divided by the vulgaries of an agitator creed. There were others who were opposed in principle to the institution, but who did not choose to live and direct a part in efforts against it. For his own part, he believed, having been permitted by Divine ordering wisdom to exist, that our relations must be left to carry to mankind. When it was otherwise, He knew how to restrain or to terminate it. But let not men attempt to force upon the South, by a suddenly bursting the bonds of the slave; they knew not what would be the consequence. In God's own time he would bring it to an end, while it produced in the mean time a part and parcel of the widenist economy of Him who never erred.

The North, however, with one voice, seemed ready to declare that if new territory was to come into the Union at all, it must be on condition that Slavery should never be permitted to exist there. What was the object from this? That it was their purpose to lodge round and limit the South, so that all those who were dependents of Slavery should be compelled to stand just as they were now, and never to move a foot in any direction. What, then, would be their condition twenty-five years hence? No one could know, but I willing to run the risk of the consequences of such an arrangement.

He closed with the old threat of dissolution also, but calmly, old as it was, he would have in sacred effect.

Mr. D. was not esteemed by his friends a "hot Southron;" on the contrary, he was spoken of by them as rather a cool, considerate man. As a cool man, then, let him tell gentlemen that they had equal opinions unless, in the territory which we might win from Mexico, and add to our own, the principles which had settled the line of demarcation between free and slave territory should be permitted to prevail, this Union must at once sink. Other gentlemen might have their own opinions; this was his. He had been raised in the midst of Slavery, and had never been so for North before as he now was. He knew the people of the South, and he esteemed gentlemen not to attempt thus to bind them hand and foot. The Union was in peril, and he was now more independence: it was out of hesitance from noble ancestors. Oh, that gentlemen on this momentous occasion, for momentous he felt it to be, would remember manifest the spirit in which they framed the charter of our liberties, and not in a spirit of brotherly kindness and mutual regard. Then might our enemies flee before us, prosperity and security forever; and be the emblem to the world of the blessings of a free Government. But if gentlemen were determined to pass acts, regardless of the principles of compromise, submitted them to the wall, let them take the admonition of one who, in all probability, would never address them again, and who wished to say to the end that if they did that they might from that hour date the downfall of this Republic.

After very earnestly deprecating the agitation of Slavery and mutual reproach, and again expressing his solemn conviction that if this question was pressed to an issue between the sections, it would be tongue-meeting, he left the most influential members of the House, both Whig and Democratic, to co-operate to the President, representing to him the peril in which the country stood, and as might relieve it from the dangers by which it seemed soon to be surrounded.

He was replied to by Mr. Grover, (dem.) of New-York. We make a few extracts from his speech:

* * * * * * *

The people of the North, at any rate, had no doubt upon their minds in regard to that question. They had only to go to the Northern States to find that the people of territory from free to see at once "which of the two to choose." Indeed, the question might be decided from the Southern States themselves. The gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Bedinger,) who addressed the Committee yesterday, spoke very indignantly about the North eternally reading lectures to the South about her "deformity" and her "misfortune." Now, with all deference, Mr. G. must say that it was not the question, but all that the North did in this matter was to pray gentlemen not to extend their own "deformity" and their own "misfortune" to regions where they did not exist. If the South were satisfied, as they always said, that the introduction of Slavery into this country by Great Britain was a real injury, let them not perpetuate the same injury upon others. Our Revolutionary fathers, in enumerating their charters of oppression against the Government of George III. doubtless had in view the "fatal" refusal to prohibit the Slave-Trade" in their colonies. Why, then, were they actuated by so insatiable a desire to extend that evil into one of the fairest portions of this earth? It could not be it to be an evil, why would benevolent men wish to extend it? What possible excuse could they frame for such a step? How could they justify it even to their own constituents? Some had referred the introduction of the proposed line of demarcation on the part of the North secure to themselves the balance of power. But they did not do it for that end. The North always had had the balance of power; and the Presidents of the United States had for forty years come from the South and only for sixteen years from the North. The same statement, Mr. G. believed, had been made respecting all the other leading stations in the Government. It was not for the sake of the balance of power that the North wished to exclude Slavery. They planted themselves upon principle—the higher, holier principle of preserving this virgin region from the evil of the Southern institution.—Gentlemen had told us that this assurance, and they would leave their Southern brethren in the full enjoyment of all their rights. If that was an advantage, they might enjoy it without lie or hinderance. How was it with like this to enhance the Union? It touched not the Constitution; it interfered not with a single Southern right.

What was the alternative presented to the North? To surrender the principle of Slavery over and above what it had never trod, or—what? or "we will violate the compact of union; we will secede and have you; we will destroy the Union!" But, my! Mr. G would not enter into for a moment such an idea of his Southern friends. It was a libel; it was a slander on them to say, while the Union was complying with every item of the compact, and standing shoulder to shoulder with them under all the compromises of the Constitution, that the North would secede unless their brethren would agree to pervert the Government to the extension of Slavery by the introduction of it into free territory. That he (Mr. G.) never would do. How could any gentleman ask it?—What plausible excuse could they have even for talking of such a thing? The Constitution did not authorize to brace these captured Mexican provinces. It was proposed to annex Texas and the Union. Did the North assent to that? Did they come on such terms as would be most conducive to human happiness; and forbidden they were to be told "then we will dissolve the Union." Was this an appeal to Northern fears? Mr. G. had no fear upon the subject. He had no dread whatever that it would be attempted. He had no belief that it would be attempted. No; it stood firm and closely knit, and it would continue to stand as long as the North did nothing more than to touch on Southern rights. Why, what reason could be given for such an act? Because, forsooth, they, as the middle of the nineteenth century, certain States of the Union would not consent that the power of the whole Confederacy should be employed in extending Slavery! Mr. G. dismissed all such idle fears. Men of weak nerves might be intimidated by threats like these, but they had no terrors for him. He had this belief, that the North did not dread to go secede in its bright energies; and well assured he was that our Southern friends would be the last to blight these fair hopes by seceding without cause. This was none.

Referring to the time of the Annexation of Texas, he said:

Had we heard anything then about the dissolution of the Union? Yes, we had: some gentlemen of the North were angry, and got up and talked about dissolving the Union; and the Southern gentlemen got up and laughed and jeered at them. What had been the position of Northern Democrats then? Just the same as it was to-day. They took Texas, but they did not thereby extend the area of Slavery a single inch. When they were asked to do the same thing now for California, the case was widely different. The South was all quiet then; not a word about the Union being in danger. We opened our arms and took Texas in: now Texas was a sovereign State of this Uni n, and the gentleman must defend her as such.

But now, the moment the North seemed to act on the self-same principle, what did they hear? "We will dissolve the Union; we will recede—farewell to this Union." Away with such threats! Mr. G. would tell Southern gentlemen ask of the North to give up the holy and just principle of keeping Slavery where it is, when she had thrown open her arms, and received Texas with all her slaves?

* * * * * * *

To-day, if Northern men should do their duty, if they should dismiss all idle fears, and come on, (as Southern men always did,) shoulder to shoulder; if they should meet the question boldly like men, and declare that Slavery should remain where it is, and never by their neigo to such frontier, this Union would be done.

These threats about dissolution were thrown out to operate on weak heroes; to enable Northern men who were afraid of coming to the mark, to justify themselves to their own constituents for a negative vote, by saying the Union was in danger, and they had to concede to the South, or it would have been dissolved. But sir, here Mr. G. greatly misunderstood the men of the North, if such an argument could satisfy for short of satisfying them. Every Northern man should look this question boldly in the face. He did not say, nor should they, to the Southern people, "Go on do this thing, and we will dissolve the Union;" but he would say, "we will do, openly, fearlessly, in the face of day, that to which we are called upon by the Constitution."

* * * * * * *

The North had believed the Administration to be in earnest when they said the war was for our rights, and to obtain indemnity from Mexico; but they could not pretend to do it by the conquest of Mexico. That country was to be hardened with Slavery. After referring to the threats of the South about a dissolution of the Union, he asked whether the Whig party, which in 1840 had been nice and indemnity, all the blood and all the treasure which had been lavished in Mexico, and all who high professions and patriotism, would be the proper party to this, that they wanted more territory in which to extend Slavery.

He had been told this but could not believe it. He had been told that Wilmot's proviso would "smoke 'em out," and defeat the design and object of the war, and show that the South was like the dog in the manger, and if they could not get territory for their slaves, they would keep it anybody else, and for free labour.

He had strenuously denied it all. He hoped he should not be compelled by incontrovertible facts before his eyes to believe he had been mistaken. He concluded by appealing to the Administration, and by implication men of all parts of the Union to unite in bringing the war to an honorable conclusion.

The whips of the overseers of course are not idle at such a juncture. The "Union" thus refers to the bill of Mr. King:

Signs appeared in the House of Representatives to-day which bode the renewal of the Missouri contest. We deprecate any such controversy, and every measure which has a tendency to produce it. The Democratic party must continue united. This portentous question threatens to shiver them in pieces. Let the Wilmot Proviso be laid on the shelf, should respect the Union of the States like the Holy Ark of the Covenant. But these controversies by which the country is convulsed, are the offspring of different sections on the most delicate question which can be suggested, tend to alienate the feelings and destroy the ties which should bind this holy Union together forever.

Is it necessary to force this question upon our public councils, in a period of war, when all our energies should be directed to the success of our arms, and the restoration of peace? We cannot believe it. It is at all necessary at this time? It is an affair of internal regulation among ourselves. It cannot be the subject of a treaty of boundary with a foreign country. If we are to obtain new territory by a treaty of peace, it will then be time enough to moot this difficulty between ourselves. When the war is over we shall be commanded her domestic differences to cease. When peace comes, and brings with it new territory, then, and not before, will be the proper time, we may settle this matter to our own satisfaction.

From the Washington correspondent of the Boston Courier and Enquirer 29th:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5, 1847.

The speech of Hon. Preston King produced a profound sensation on all sides of the House, the members crowding around him to see, in front of the Speaker's Chair, during its delivery. Notwithstanding all the objections urged to the war question, by one of the most prominent members of Mr. Polk's party. The fact cannot be disputed now.

What is to be the result of this movement, is the inquiry that now presses. Whether it will be pressed, as a *direct test*, which was not the case yesterday, it will be carried by a decided majority. Locofocoism will not long survive the passage of this measure, to-day, that they will be compelled to sustain the restriction, or the responsibility will be theirs alone. The free States hold the numerical strength in the House to sustain any provision they please to the supply bills, and the responsibility will be theirs, if they refuse to sustain it.

If the Administration would disavow the purpose of conquest, the North would agree not to embarrass any of the important issues or appropriations for the information. They are willing to prosecute the war to a successful and honourable termination, and are prepared to grant the necessary supplies, but they will not extend this war to yield the territory either to the control of the South or to the option of the States that may be formed from it. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, the sublime emancipation shall be made, America is free.

This is the position which, may be delusive. It may be that our fathers were "impracticable enthusiasts"—that there is no hope for the establishment of human society—that virtue and justice may not be possible conditions of human happiness and national prosperity—that America is not destined to be the home of the brave and free of mankind; still may we cherish those sublime principles which have in days gone by, and will ever in the course of time, be the inspiration of the human race, which civilizers themselves rest, when the storm of passion, crime, and woe rages apace.

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cause has not as yet become sufficiently popular in this city to draw crowds to a Fair. A number of others were also open at the same time, all for the aid of movements more popular than Anti-Slavery. The practice too of selling goods by lottery, resorted to in the other Fairs, and which would doubtless have cleared the article tables of the Anti-Slavery ladies, was not resorted to, the ladies deeming it immoral and bad in its tendencies. and not choosing to do evil that good might come. Owing to these causes the receipts were not as great as could be wished, yet the result was pleasantly spent by the friends assembled, and a degree of success obtained sufficient to give valuable aid to the cause, and compensate the ladies for their arduous efforts. In conclusion of this brief report, your Committee would say that the past affords cheering auspices for the future, and express the hope that a plan of action will be entered into for the coming year, which shall enable us to do still more for the spread of the gospel of freedom.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1847.

We publish in another column, extracts from several speeches, in the House of Representatives, on the proposition of Mr. King, to exclude Slavery from any territory that may hereafter be annexed to the United States. The proposition has been met by the Southern members of both parties, as everything touching the existence of Slavery, always has been by the South—by threats of Disunion. When the issue comes between Slavery and Liberty, between the Peculiar Institution and the rights of the North, two new parties at once arise, and the old lines are, for the moment, forgotten. Or rather, at such a time, the only real party that the country has ever known, the Slave-Power, exhibits itself in its naked nastiness, who leave the parties which serve them as pitiful plaything in time of peace, and unscrupulous themselves in formidable array to the defence of their own order. Liberty has no such friends. Those who should rally to her defence at such times are base traitors to her cause, or the cringing, fawning creatures who bend in awe and fear before the stern will of the slaveholders. There is but one party in the Union—the masters. Their servants may play at being men in holyday times, but they are servants still, when there is any real work to be done.

So it is now. The awakened North prays—not demands in the thunder-tone that it should—but prays that a rich, and as it almost unpeopled country, may be given up to the curse of Slavery. And the South rallies as one man, and demands again her pound of flesh, according to the bond. And the North—will she betray her own cause, as heretofore? We shall see.

Were this question, in relation to the introduction of Slavery into a conquered province, one of minor importance, one which the South could afford to permit to go against them, there might be some reason to hope that it would be decided in favour of Freedom. It is altogether a new state of things to have the Northern section of one party—the Whigs—and an industrial portion of the other, also, united in opposition to the encroachments of the Slave-Power. It matters little by what motives they are governed; whether the Whigs hope to profit by the growing Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North; or whether the Democrats are looking to the same source for an increase of political capital, and are acting in obedience to the only command of the Hon. Thomas-Wright party of this State. At any rate, the fact remains the same, that the growth of the Anti-Slavery power of the North impels or compels these representatives to the position they now occupy in Congress, and that this position is a new one, and a higher one than the North has ever before reached in the manner, when Slavery or no slavery, since the Union was formed. But the stake that is played for is greater than was ever before thrown upon the national table. The South cannot afford to lose it. They are right to threaten Disunion, for if defeated now, the Union has lost its chief value to them. The body, which they have made of it, will be dead to them, as a precious heirloom, of the unlimited extension of Slavery to the Southwest, will be comparatively a lost treasure. True, they have gained Texas, and re-established the secured system there. But what is Texas to all Mexico? The mere Pisgah of the promised land, the reprieve only from a sentence to the encumbrances must be reckoned only by scores of years. The Northern slave States, which were to find a ready market for the untold millions yet unborn, must, ere long, have the black border south of them, if the wide plains of Mexico are not open to their virginial crops. The slave States would be strangled in London or Free States—the system hemmed in by Freedom—the festering fever confined to the one spot, where it must kill the patient, or be itself destroyed. And, worse than all, the slaveholders will have brought all this on themselves. *They* have laboured for nearly half a century to bring the Government just to its present position; *they* have settled, and revolutionized, and conquered Texas; *they* have won the conquering army of the United States to the Rio Grande, and beyond it, to the Californias, and we know not, until the next mail, how far into the heart of Mexico. And was it for this? Was it that their own power should be lessened, and the power of freedom increased? That for by their own labours, by their own sleepless nights watching and waiting, of treachery and crime, they should hem in on the south their darling system, and with their own hands mark out its boundaries, and so the limits of its grafe? Not so. They are wiser men then this would make them out to be. They know too well the stake they are playing for, and that their activation rests upon the turn of this game.

But were not all this so, they know that not to conquer is to die, if only because they did not conquer. Once defeated is to be always defeated. Their cause is lost when it is seen that Slavery is not invincible. If, in this great struggle, to which all others have been but the skirmishes of the outposts, for which for so many years they have been preparing, they permit themselves to be defeated, then the days of Slavery are numbered, and the slave-power lays down her sceptre. Would to God that day had come, but we have not flith enough in the North, and know the South too well to believe it.

Nevertheless, that affairs are in their present position is hopeful and cheering. The people do know that Slavery is to be extended, and that for that we are robbing a neighbour of her territory, and sending our young men to scrieh, with their dead bodies, the soil of Mexico; for this parents are bereaving their sons, and children their parents, and wives their husbands; boundless wanderers are flying from the last and rage of brutal soldiers, or prowling, like frightened criminals, around their desolate homes. It is something that the country is learning what Slavery is, and what it does, and is doing, and that our Northern representatives have made some show of resistance to its progress. In all this we see the dawning of the "better time coming," though much is to be learned, and dared, and done, before that day comes in its full light. Meanwhile, those who will may mark these passing events, and see in them new proofs of the wisdom of the motto of the American Anti-Slavery Society. So long as we hold any compromise with the slave-power, so long will she come off victorious in every struggle where its own existence is concerned. There is no remedy but DISUNION.

New-York Legislature—Governor's Message.

On Tuesday of last week, the Legislature of this State convened at Albany, and received immediately the message of the new Governor, Young. The message reached this city the same evening, but too late for any notice of it in our last paper. We have no room to give it entire, and presume our readers in this State will pardon an omission which, if regretted by a few of them, will be welcome to many in other States.

The message is much shorter than such papers usually are, and not more than three times as long as it should be. The Governor confines himself entirely to the affairs of the State, leaving those of the nation to be discussed and settled by those to whose official position it pertains properly belongs. It certainly augurs well for the character of the new Governor, that he should have, at the outset of his career, the good sense and the hardihood to deliver, in passably short measure, and to confine himself in it, entirely to the business which concerns him and the Legislature.

He commences by congratulating the Legislature on the formation of the new Constitution, though not liking pointing out its defects. He especially commends the restriction of the appointing power.

He advises an early disrricting of the State, for the election of the Judiciary; and that the new Court of Appeals shall be empowered to review the decisions of the Supreme Court and Court of Chancery, as the Court of Errors now used to exist at the close of the year.

He offers some recommendations relating to the various courts of law; and that a fair and remunerative compensation be given to the Justices of the Supreme Court, and Court of Appeals, that men of ability and character may always be secured for those high and responsible stations.

He recommends the completion of the Black River and Genesee River Canals, and the enlargement of the Erie Canal. A considerable portion of the message is taken up with the consideration of this subject, and that of the Canal debt.

The amount of capital, and annual revenues of several funds appropriated to education is stated, and the whole subject of public schools commended to the attention of the Legislature.

He approves of the law of the last session, in regard to the militia, but recommends that it be so amended that such military organizations may be preserved as shall be thought, by some competent officer to be appointed, worth preserving. He calls the attention of the Legislature to the propriety of a general law for the creation of corporations, and another for the security of the holders of bank-bills.

Previous to the reception of the message, Wm. C. Hasbrouck, of Oneida, was chosen Speaker, and Philander B. Prindle, of Chenango, Clerk of the House. Daniel B. Davis, of Montgomery, was chosen Sergeant-at-Arms.

But little business of any consequence has as yet been done. The Walsh has offered a resolution for a select committee to consider the subject of labour of apprentices, hours of labour, &c.; which was adopted. A bill for the abolition of Capital Punishment has been introduced into the Assembly. It will be greatly assisted by petitions.

"The death of the great philanthropist, Thomas Clarkson, in England, at the advanced age of eighty-six, has produced every sincere rearet on this side of the Atlantic, and particularly among the community of Friends, of which he was a member. Of late years he was not what is called as Abolitionist. * * * He mixed no political aspects with his philanthropy, and he rejoiced to have his country earliest in the field against the odious traffic, without charging the people of the United States with being friendly to that traffic, and to the last he was in favour of colonization, believing it to be an act of justice, as well as policy, to restore the African to his own country. He was the first who coined Wilberforce to cooperate with him, but who finally made it a political question, instead of one of humanity and policy."

The Tribune copies the above paragraph from the Sun, and corrects the blunders with which it is filled. That Thomas Clarkson was not a Friend everybody knows that knows anything about him. Many years ago, he united with distinguished friends of the African race in a strong protest against the American Colonization Society, and believed that to be only a wicked policy which would exile the coloured American from his home of his birth to the home of his ancestors. Whether he ever became what is an Abolitionist or not, is indeed a question, as that term has no definite and fixed meaning. He was one in Great Britain ten years ago, when there was any Slavery to abolish in her dominions, and would have been one at the day of his death in this country had he resided here. The attachment of the Friends to the cause of the slave is the name of Abolitionist to an Englishman, he must first ascertain what his relation is to the American Abolitionist. There are many people in England who were instrumental in the comparatively easy work of abolishing Slavery in the West India Islands, that would have nothing to do with us. Many years ago, I understood in this country, and who dread nothing so much as contact with those who bear the hated name in the United States. The Sun would have been right had Thomas Clarkson been a member of London Yearly Meeting, and mistaking him for a Whig, it is not strange that he suffered the sun not to be an Abolitionist. The fact is, however, that almost the last act of this great and good man's life was to write an essay against American Slavery, and in favour of the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of "*No Union with Slaveholders.*" Will this entitle him to the name of abolitionist, does the Sun think? Indeed it would answer a most fanatical one. A Liberty party paper says, he was in his dotage. Both mean the same thing. He held man to be above Constitutions,—something which papers of their character cannot understand.

Very Lady-like Indeed.

At the celebration of the 8th of January, at Tammany Hall, among the toasts drunk was one from "a lady," as follows:

Our country in war! whether right or wrong! The party that opposes it should be executed to everlasting infamy.

There was a letter read from a Quaker, which excited much applause, and seemed to give great "aid and comfort."

The GRAND SACHEM then said, Gentlemen: It would seem unjust to select one letter in preference to another; but there is one among them, coming, as it does from a New-England man high in station, and who was educated a Quaker, in relation to the war, that so completely puts to the blush all those who are trying to brine our National flag into disgrace, by embarrassing the Government in regard to this war, that I am sure you will be pleased to hear it read. It is short, and, if you will allow me, I'll read it. Mind, it is from a Quaker.

From Hon. J. W. Lawrence.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
WASHINGTON, Jan. 6, 1847. }

GENTLEMEN:—I regret that I cannot accept the kind invitation of the Society of Tammany, to meet them on the 8th—it would be improper for me to leave here at the present time.

There is a peculiar fitness in this commemoration, at a time when the American flag is ringing with our late victories on the Rio Grande and at Monterey,—brilliant victories on the Rio Grande and at Monterey,—My education has taught me stern necessity. The one we evil, only to be justified by the other. The profession of love are now engaged in I consider as honorable peace, I knowledge my extreme desire for an energetic prosecution of the war, to be obtained by an energetic prosecution of war. In the position we are now placed, I am of opinion that we are fulfilling the language of Lord best express my views by using the language of Lord Chatham, in the British Parliament, in 1794:

"The best road to peace is war; and war carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to work—by one stroke, namely: with all our hearts, and with all our minds, and with all our might, and with all our strength."

I therefore propose the following ——

The memory of Andrew Jackson—Death has opened the gate of Fame, and shut the gate of ENVY. May his spirit direct us in carrying on the present war with an energy that will produce an early peace.

I remain, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN W. LAWRENCE.

To DANIEL E. DELEVAN, Esq. Grand Sachem, and others, New-York.

This was received with immense cheering, which lasted several minutes.

We must extract two more of the toasts drunk on this great occasion.

By Sachem, George S. Mann:

The Flag of the United States—Wherever its stars appear the son of liberty is at hand.

The innocence of this Sachem in believing that wherever the stars and stripes fly, the son of liberty shines, even only be paralelled by that of Miss Fuller in believing that everybody, excepting cannibals, read Shakespeare and Bacon. But the next toast is quite as much in the vein of the woman of the 19th century, and is the only good one that we find among the lot.—ED.

By Timothy R. Hubbard, Scribe to the Grand Council—

The women of free America—admitted by our creed to possess that inestimable attribute of humanity, a soul above all our practices toward them—declared by physiologists to be more nervous, more sanguine, more intellectual and organized beings—may they never cease to agitate the Empire State, and the whole Union, acquiesce in the justice of their claims to all the rights, and the full right to their own, when they will cease to be deemed a mere chattel in society.

We should think that the arguments of the Union in the article which follows would bother those wise and patriotic men who are determined to stand by the compromises of the Constitution. There is at least a good deal of reason in the Union's position, that with the extension of the Union its advantages should secure to all parties. We wonder what Mr. Union-however-bounded Winthrop says to this doctrine;

From the Union of Friday night, Jan. 8.

The bill for raising additional troops will probably come to a question to-morrow or the day after in the Senate. Meanwhile, the debate is continued, but it is going off from the main question to other matters. The most prominent of these is the proposition of provisio concerning Slavery. In an evil hour it was brought into this discussion. A troublesome element is at all times a bad one, but its presence is astrously brought in amid a foreign war, and in a shape in which it is calculated to affect our own exertions, and to stimulate the hopes of our enemies, is one of the most nothing but mischief. A Federal member of Massachusetts has brought into a *miserable contest even when they claim the benefits of the acquisition for one portion of the Union and denies it to the North.* All the skill of Mr. Grover was unable to disguise the inequality which he would deal out to the different partners of the Confederacy. *A respectful Union, we trust, will not long suffer such cannot claim all the benefits of the Union at the expense of the other partners.* The Constitution itself was framed in a spirit of compromise. The very mechanism of machine should proceed upon the same principle. The Senator from Alabama (Mr. Bagby) made a speech of Mr. Dargan could not be mistaken. The eloquent and impressive speech of Mr. Seddon, of Richmond, spoke the same language. Nothing is more in this feeling, and nothing it highly probable *no treaty of peace can pass two-thirds of the Senate, if it should depart from this principle.*

In our attachment to our Union, in our anxiety to unite the feelings of every American in its behalf, and in the defence of the respective rights and interests property of which it is susceptible, we yield to no one. But our Northern friends are sadly mistaken when they underrate the feeling of the people of the South on *this delicate and dangerous question.* The Union is safe against any other danger. The ship of State will glide on securely, in the absence of any other rock in the channel. But *disregards this question as one in which not only her property, but the safety of her people may be concerned.* Her rights, too, have been sanctioned by the compromises of the Constitution. If she yields in one respect, she inquires where is the stopping point? She is in the midst of a fanaticism, wielding the powers of the Federal Government against the Southern parties of the Confederacy, go to triumphant upon her institutions unless she defends her tranquillity? We speak it with all respect. Let us be with this question, and not suffer it to be a firebrand and band in warring against the common enemy; and let us drop this eternal feud, which should never have been started at this time, and which is fraught with the worst evils. We are happy to discover that a more harmonious and liberal spirit prevails to-day throughout the Hall. We are glad to see the resolutions of Mr. Davis dropped, or a liberal compromise be substituted in its place.

THE NATIONAL ERA.—We have received the first number of the new paper, under this name, published at Washington, under the above title. It is a large and handsome sheet, and will, no doubt, be conducted with ability, under the editorial care of Dr. Bailey, late of the Philanthropist, assisted by A. A. Phelps, and J. G. Whittier, the former of whom is well known as a Congregational clergyman of the old school. Old-fashioned, earnest Anti-Slavery, warm from the heart, and fearing nothing so much as a compromise with wrong, is not to be found in the Era. We could understand this in a Southern paper, conducted by Southerners men, just growing into the knowledge of their rights, and the necessity of Abolitionists in the sense that term is understood in this country, and who dread nothing so much as contact with those who bear the hated name in the United States. The Sun would have been right had Thomas Clarkson been a member of London Yearly Meeting, and mistaking him for a Whig, it is not strange that he suffered the sun not to be an Abolitionist. The fact is, however, that almost the last act of this great and good man's life was to write an essay against American Slavery, and in favour of the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of "*No Union with Slaveholders.*" Will this entitle him to the name of abolitionist, does the Sun think? Indeed it would answer a most fanatical one. A Liberty party paper says, he was in his dotage. Both mean the same thing. He held man to be above Constitutions,—something which papers of their character cannot understand.

A TIMELY WORK.—"The Church as it is: Or the Forlorn Hope of Slavery." By Parker Pillsbury. pp. 96. Just published. For sale at this office, price 15 cents single, $1.50 per dozen.

Correspondence of Dr. COX and F. Douglass. We will still supply orders for this pamphlet. Let them be scattered far and wide. Price 25 cents per dozen, or $2 per hundred.

THE LIBERATOR.—We are glad to see that the price of the Liberator is reduced to two dollars. This brings it down to the current price of newspapers of its size, and an even sum, which counts for something with many people. We hope it will bring many more names to the list of subscribers. Every Abolitionist who can afford—if even by a little pinching in the other necessaries of life—to take it, should do so. Subscriptions received at this office.

We are indebted to Mr. Severance, of Maine, for a copy of the speech of Mr. Root, of Ohio, on the Mexican war.

To Correspondents.

J. C. H. It has been presented and duly honoured. ☞ P. T. He must be right about the Postmasters, for papers are carefully mailed to every one of his places of appointment. The pamphlets of Palfrey, and Cox and Douglass have also been sent him, as well as the other papers.

J. A. B. We trust to his promise.

H. M. D. He is mistaken. We have not upon our books any *North A.* The papers are mailed for A. and it is the fault of the Post-office department, not ours, if they do not go there.

W. H. C. His paper has been sent to the Reverend, to W. R.

This Week's Page.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: Extreme Unction, *Miscellany*: Toussaint (continued); The Ingens; An illustration of Character; George Fox's Marriage Certificate; An American Holyday; Gleanings from Foreign papers.

FIFTH PAGE.—*Peculiar Institution*: Unparalleled Moderation.—Mrs. Isaac Franklin; The Wounded Soldier and the African Woman; Trial for Wife-Stealing; *Selections*: Coloured Folks in Public Assemblies; Courems.

SECOND PAGE.—Washington Correspondence; The Subject of Slavery; Letter From Charles M. Clay; *Communications*: Annual Meeting of the Western New-York Anti Slavery Society.

Married,

In Boston, January 6, Mr. HENRY T. PARKER, to Miss LUCY A. daughter of Phineas Upham, Esq.

In Worcester, (Mass.) January 6, Mr. JOHN BAND, of Springfield, to Mr. MARY ELLEN, daughter of Samuel Jennison, Esq. of W.

Died,

In Spanish Town, Jamaica, on Thursday last, a black man named JOHN CRAWFORD RICKETS, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty-five years. And, what may be considered as very unusual, he was in good health till within about two months of his death. The Jamaica papers, however, do not say whether he ever lost a tooth, and he was a coachman of, G. C. Rickets, Esq. at one time Attorney General of the Island, and he is said to have borne an excellent character during the whole of the time he was capable of moving about and earning his livelihood.

In Philadelphia, 5th instant, ISAAC W. NORRIS, aged 62.

In Philadelphia, on the 2d instant, JAMES WOOD, aged 56 years.

In the same place, near Washington, D. C. 24th Nov. last, "OLD AUNT PEGGY." She was born in Virginia and claimed to be 120 years old, retaining a vivid recollection of many interesting facts connected with the history of Lower Virginia for a considerable Period previous to the Revolutionary war.

In Providence, R. I. December 31st, MARTHA BERRY, coloured woman, supposed in be 111 years old. This is stated as her age by the descendants of the family of her former master, in New-York, on whose estate she was born.

On the CHEROKEE RESERVATION, December 23d, JAMES STEVENSON, one of the oldest of the Seneca Chiefs, the last of the Iroquois, in the State of New-York, a resident of the Buffalo Creek Reservation, aged about 81.

At Cuba, 9th ultimo, Mr. CHARLES HENRY DEWOLF, aged 59, son of the late Charles DeWolf, Esq. of Newport.

At Weybridge, Vermont, 20th ultimo, Mrs. ELEANOR WRIGHT, the widow of the late Silas Wright, of that place, and mother of Gov. Wright, in the advanced age of 85 years. The husband, father of Gov. Wright, died at the same place in May, 1843, aged 84 years, the couple having lived together as husband and wife 61 years.

At Greee, Monroe Co. N. Y. 28th ultimo, ANTHONY JOHNSON, aged 75 years. He served his country long and faithfully, having been in the U. S. Navy fourteen years; was with Com. O. H. Perry when he commanded, in September, 1813, in the battle of Lake Erie. Although a man of colour, he was much respected by those who knew him.

In ROXBURY, (Mass.) January 5, ALFRED WELLS, Esq. aged 67.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Slave Insurrection.—A gentleman in this city, yesterday received a letter from Memphis, which says that a negro insurrection was planned in that neighborhood, and just discovered. Considerable excitement had taken place, and the city guard was considerably increased.—*Boston Post.*

The people of the present insurrection are busily engaged set on fire. Several negroes had been arrested, and confessed the fact of the intended insurrection.—*New Orleans Jeffersonian, 31st ult.*

Rights of Women—The Homestead Inalienable.—The following is the article in the Constitution of Wisconsin which communicates to every wife one property and every family a home, beyond the power of alienation by a husband or father. The vote on its passage stood—Ayes 35; nays 31.

SEC. 1. All property real and personal of the wife owned by her at the time of her marriage, and also that acquired by her after marriage, by gift, devise, descent, or otherwise than from her husband, shall be a separate property. Laws shall be made more fully defining the property of the wife's property, and more clearly defining the rights of the wife thereto, as well as to property held by her with her husband; and for carrying out the provisions of this section. Where the wife has a separate property from that of her husband, the same shall be liable for the debts of the wife contracted before marriage.

SEC. 2 Forty acres of land, to be selected by the owner thereof: or the homestead of a family not exceeding forty acres, which said land shall not be inended within any city of Rock Lake, or instead thereof (at the option of the owner) any lot or lots in any city or village, being the homestead of a family, and not exceeding in value one thousand dollars, shall not be subject to forced sale on execution for any debt or debts growing out of or founded upon mortgages, duly executed by the husband after the adoption of this Constitution. Provided, that such exemption shall not affect in any manner any mechanic's or labourer's lien or mortgage thereon now lawfully obtained, nor shall the owner, if a married man, be at liberty to alienate such real estate, unless by the consent of the wife.

John Q. Adams.—A friend from Boston says that the venerable Mr. Adams is exceedingly anxious to reach Washington, and so much so, that his physicians think it difficult to keep his patient quiet. He supposed in that city, that Mr. A. intends making a farewell speech in the House of Representatives, before he retires from public life, and this he had designed to do, had not his present sickness detained him from Washington. "Like Lord Chatham, perhaps he is anxious to finish his earthly career, when in the actual discharge of his public functions.—*New-Haven Palladium.*

Prospects of the War.—The Journal of Commerce has a letter from the American camp near Camargo, under date of December 6th, from which we copy as follows:

One thing, however, is certain, that the farther we proceed into the Mexican territory, the more hostile the people become; and should our arms happen to meet one reverse, there would be some *half* seeking, unless the army should be speedily reinforced. As it is, we are scattered in detachments from Monterey to the mouth of the Rio Grande, while the enemy, during the whole of the armistice, have been concentrating their forces. If they should leave their defences and march down upon us, we should have our hands full to sustain our own.

A company of about thirteen, chiefly Barlington county Friends and farmers, have bought two thousand acres in Kalamazoo county, Virginia, at $10,000, or $12.50 an acre. They intend to colonize and farm it, Jersey fashion. The whole or most of the land belonged formerly to Mad. Bonaparte, and was a large immigration to Virginia, from New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, and other States, is now going on. Under the plows and spades of these Northern farmers, the worn-out lands of Old Virginia are beginning to blossom like the rose.—*Trenton Gazette.*

Thomas Moore.—Thomas Moore, the poet, has been made the subject of general anxiety, by a statement in a French paper, copied into the English press, of his being seriously ill in Ireland. We rejoice to say there is no foundation for this report, and that the bard is in his best health at his cottage in Wiltshire. We believe he generally spends the finishing hand to his Irish History; and enjoyed the relief from literary labour with his noble friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood.—*Literary Gazette.*

Hymns More.—Thomas Moore, the poet, has been made the subject of general anxiety, by a statement in a French paper, copied into the English press, of his being seriously ill in Ireland. We rejoice to say there is no foundation for this report, and that the bard is in his best health at his cottage in Wiltshire. We believe he generally put the finishing hand to his Irish History; and enjoyed the relief from literary labour with his noble friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne, at Bowood.—*Literary Gazette.*

Repasos.—The military depot at this post has been broken up, and the soldiers under the troops appears to have subjected the citizens of that place (a portion of them at least), to hardships and privations of a serious character. The latter are furnishing supplies to the garrison of the post. A gentleman direct from there informs us that provisions are very high, and scarce in that place by our troops, every citizen who had aided or given countenance in any manner to the sarrison, had his property taken from him, and himself threatened, and his person held in custody, subject to the orders of the State. Many citizens have fled the place, fearing to trust their lives to their exasperated foes.

These poor people complain loudly of the injustice of forcing them into a war, in every sense, when it known that they are the hands of the agents of the Mexican Government, or even from the robbers of the country, who have been committing depredations, and plundering property public spoil. If protection has been promised them it should be extended, and they should not be allowed to suffer for the want of it, or be forced to by our military laws.—*Matamoras Flag, 16th ult.*

A most Amiable Inclination.—Mr. Clay was a guest at the Pilerim dinner at New Orleans on the 22d ultimo, and in reply to a complimentary toast, he made a speech, in which he is reported to have uttered this amiable wish:

"When I saw around me to-night General Brooke and other old friends, I felt half inclined to ask for something more than the wreaths of immortality. I have thought that I might yet be able to capture or to slay a Mexican."

What a delightful state of mind the great statesman must have been in, when amid that "gay and festive scene," far away from the Pilgrims of New England were indulane, he could rise up and express the gentle hope that he might yet be able to *slay a Mexican.* It is really a great pity that some live Mexican could not be sent to Mr. Clay's "little nook" at Ashland, that he might gratify the amiable inclination of slaying one of the enemies of his country in a quiet and enjoyable manner. We hope that the Tribune will not fail to copy the above speech of its great political Patriot, and let us know its own opinions of this new feature of the American system. However, we must declare our sympathy with Mr. Clay in the annoyance of such a kind, although the speech is reported in a good many Southern papers. We must not forget that he has suffered the severest of all the penalties of life from the imputation of sentiments which he never uttered.—*Evening Mirror.*

Brutal Outrage.—We have been informed by a gentleman from De Soto county, that on Friday week last, in that flourishing

Poetry.

From the Liberty Bell.

EXTREME UNCTION.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Go! leave me, Priest; my soul would be
Alone with the considering, Death;
Far sadder eyes than thine will see
This crumbling clay yield up its breath;
These shrivelled hands have deeper stains
Than holy oil can cleanse away,—
Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains
As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Yes, from these talons, yellow now
As with the taint of handled gold,
Those meek lambs shrank not which, I trow,
Are shepherded in spring-like fold;
For ther were spotless then and frayed
Child-like o'er nature's gladdened breast,
As on a mother's once they played
Soft preludes of the eternal rest.

Call, if thou canst, to those gray eyes
Some faith from youth's traditions wrung;
This fruitless husk which dustward dries
Has been a heart once, has been young;
On this bowed head the awful Past
Once laid its consecrating hands;
The future in its purpose vast,
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

Blithe leaped I forth to grapple fate,
My feet brushed through the sun-thrilled dew
Of love's fresh morning, and life's gate,
Flung-wide, unbarred enchanted view;—
Saturnian realms, whose happy bowers
No more with rasping discord rang,
Broad scope for all the spirit's powers
Of cunning hand, and pen, and tongue.

But look, whose shadows block the door?
Who are these two that stand aloof?
See, on my hands this freshening gore
Writes o'er again its crimson proof!
My locked-for death-bed guests are met:—
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
And there with eyes that goad me yet,
The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep and says,
"I gave thee the great gift of life;
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?"
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

I have been innocent; God knows
When first this wasted life began,
Not grope with sore more lustful blows,
Than I with every brother man;
Now here I lamp; what lose my kind
When this fast-ebbing breath shall part?
What hands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth
Without a place to lay his head;
He found free welcome at my hearth,
He shared my cup and broke my bread;
Now, when I hear those very words
That bring the other world to this,
My snake-tanned nature, sunk in slime,
Starts sideways with dull-gut hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall be,"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of himself to fashion me;
He summed me with his beginning looks
And heaven's rich instincts in me grew
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with sooty tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne resplendent for four-score years
A spark of the eternal God;
And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
Whereby to crawl away from Heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that dread voyage from whose bright
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 't is more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden shutters of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;—
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night.

O, glorious Youth that once wast mine,
O, high Ideal, all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Where worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,
The image of the God is gone.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mugge.)

CHAPTER XII.

When he opened his eyes, he found himself lying by a fire of moss and brushwood. His uniform had been stripped off, and the upper part of his body was entirely bare, while his busy black chamberlains were engaged in freeing the lower part of his body. Scarcely restored to consciousness, he lay motionless, gazing through the branches of a huge tree at the starry heavens. At last a distant rustling seemed to catch his ear, and he remembered that there had been a fight. One by one his thoughts returned to him, and he persevered with horror that he had fallen a prisoner into the hands of the negroes. His head pained him, and as he endeavoured to raise his hand, he found both his arms tied fast with strips of palmtree bark. A fearful acuteness of feeling suddenly came over him. He turned his head, and with a violent effort, sought to raise himself, but a black hand threw him back, and a voice spoke close to his. The light of the fire fell upon a negro, who, naked to the waist, squatted at his side, engaged in wrapping the pocket handkerchief of his prisoner round his neck. At a little distance stood a group, disputing over other articles of his dress, and Vincent presumed these to be the victorious blacks who had taken him. Several wounded slaves lay on the other side of the fire, surrounded by women, who were binding up their wounds, while they cast looks of vengeance towards the white man, whom they heaved with every opprobrious epithet. He remembered then how he had heard that it was common for the negroes to give up their prisoners into the hands of the women, who, like savages, instantly proceeded to exhaust every variety of torture upon the helpless wretches. He turned away from the hellish looks of these furies, who sprang up occasionally and approached him, but were driven away by the negro, who appeared to be his guard, and then arose anew their monotonous howl. The night was dark and damp, and while the mind of the prisoner was tortured by a host of fearful thoughts, his body, half-clad, suffered likewise from an icy chilliness and a raging thirst. Vincent was a proud, resolute man, who sought specially to reconcile himself to the thought of no screaming death, and to sustain himself with all the force of philosophy. Besides, he did not wholly lose the hope, which clings to one so closely as to the soldier, familiar with the most sudden reverses, and so ever in his mind all the possibilities of deliverance. But he found almost nothing. He heard no distant shot, which would have announced the vicinity of friends; in the deep forest, alone, without knowing where he was, without even a companion to sufferings, among beings, whose terrible intentions he every look unmasked, a feeling of utter abandonment seized him. All is dissonance as the trees he saw other fires lighted, and half-naked figures moving around them. These fires were visible on all sides, and the bonds were tight and strong, his strength was exhausted; not the slightest possibility of escape appeared. At times despair gained the mastery, when he thought of all that made life dear to him, and then with a shudder he surrendered to the fear under whose ingenious cruelties, he would soon, perhaps, breathe out his life. Women they were, like those dear pictures that love has engraved for his mind, belonging to the sex, with which one associates all the tenderest qualities of the heart: sympathy, pity, gentleness, love! Here they appeared a single ray of these soft graces in the barbaric hordes around him! Every woman, when she once became to him, feels all the convincing sweetness of revenge, and these black women had been transformed for revenge. The torture of a white man, their master, would have filled them, soul and body, was to them a perfect delight. But there was one awoke in the mind of Vincent, that stoical contempt of life which is the result of a conviction that one's fate is unchangeable. He shut his eyes, and sought to sleep, but the cold forbade this relief. He begged his mute guard for a covering and a draught of water, but received no answer. At last, he gave himself up to his sufferings, and a dull sense of weakness fell upon his half-stiffened limbs, when in the quick step of some approaching negro aroused him. He raised his eyes, and a gleam of hope shot through his heart and vanished. It was a negro of repulsive features, whose countenance, besides his huge thick lips, and black jagged teeth. The fire flashed up as he came close to Vincent, and bent himself down, his dull, heavy eyes upon him to see whether he was asleep. Their expression in the look of the white man was cold and contemptuous, but of the black expressed the most savage joy. Vincent fancied for a moment that he had seen the hateful face before, but the impression lost itself immediately.

"Well done!" said the negro, trying the bands which confined Vincent's arms, "but where is his sword? You have taken everything from him? And wet! this, with a wound and such a weight of the weapon, which he sought, at the side of a negro in the group, and this sight appeared to kindle in him the most savage rage. He raised his head so proudly that he seemed in danger of falling back, and then poured forth such a flood of curses and imprecations in some one of the kindred African dialects, which he mixed up with the French. Vincent ended with demanding that the sword and hat of the prisoner should be instantly surrendered to him.—The following words, in a sort of low murmur his companions, who showed by their looks some signs of respect, but discipline in the black army was not yet so complete that the will of a chief was always apparently in opposition to private right, could ensure immediate obedience. A long and fierce dispute arose, which terminated as with all the children of African tongues. Vincent, who, from the gestures of the disputants, rather conjectured than understood the matter in debate, entered into other circumstances have enjoyed the scene highly. But now in the growing fear of falling a victim to the awakened, unmanageable passions of these savages. Most of the negroes were young, robust, and tall, of fine proportions. The wild scenery of the forest, the ironical heavens with their large brilliant stars, the flickering fire, which, for the moment, lit up the wounded were huddled, and the changeful light of which played over the naked black bodies, all these things, together with the wonderful countenances of the actors, their rolling eyes, the violence of their passions, the tattered garments of variegated stuffs, which hung loosely from them in the most picturesques, all helped to complete the scene, in the centre of which the little negro was leaping about with the most violent gestures of wrath. But these appeared in full dress, in pantaloons that once belonged probably to some slaughtered Grenadier, and half-boots provided with spurs. The large uniform of some unfortunate British officer, the gold epaulettes hung loosely upon his meagre body, and a high collar reached over his ears, while a large silk sash passed behind his three-cornered fur waist.

Suddenly the black dwarf darted towards Vincent, raised him up: "White man," he sputtered out in scarcely intelligible English, "do you desire your life. I am Candi, ambassador, M. Candi, Adjutant and First Lieutenant of Gen. Jeannot, a famous great General, of whom you must have heard, even when you were such a blacks, at the Cape, that gentleman there—understand, that great black gentleman seized you. He is no Lieutenant, like me, and when we ran, he took you on his shoulders and bore you off."

"And what has become of the army from the Cape? Have they conquered?" said Vincent.

"Interrupt me not," cried Candi, angrily. "Cursed be the white massas, they shall all die. But when that gentleman, with his comrades, reached the wood, they wanted to kill you, and drew their sharp knives to cut your head off." Vincent shuddered, and Candi, with a cold grin, drew his hand upon his shoulder. "White man," he continued, "Candi came and said: 'this man is a great officer, I command you, let him live. He is worthy of making the acquaintance of Gen. Jeannot, who will take care of him. Will you be so foolish, my children, as to stain his nice clothes with blood? Carry him to the great camp, and you will have much more for I also am an officer.' Now speak, white man, is not your sword mine? Tell this villainous Congo that only officers should have swords."

"Never was a judge's office discharged under stranger circumstances," murmured Vincent. "I thank you for saving my life, but if you will save me," he added, in a whisper, "I am able to repay you well."

Candi leaped upon the negro who had the sword, tore it from him, and drew it upon Vincent. "White wretch," he shrieked, "believe you that Candi, Jeannot's Lieutenant, can be false to his friends? I carry you back to your brethren! O, massa, well, little, you shall see your brethren. Do you not know me? O, he! is the eye of the white man so dull? Those massas are like the birds in the sugar-cane, they go round in a circle with eyes bandaged, and see not. Merci, massa, great massa," he cried, changing his voice suddenly, "do you not know the old Messaline?" And then he broke out into a wild fit of laughter, and threw himself down by the fire, from which he instantly sprang with a bound, and fashioned the sword to the sash, which served for his girdle. But at that last exclamation, Vincent recollected where he felt his acquaintance with Candi began, and the garrulous negro himself proceeded, with many expressions of contempt at the easily deceived whites, to relate how he had at one house before, so artfully played the part of a crazy old woman. "It all turned out right," cried Candi, laughing, "the white fools believed what I said, and took some fruit to tafy, for I was by no means killed Massa Paradole and his brats. The old Messaline heard what the officers said. She saw all the fine uniforms, and knew how much booty there was; she knew, too, when the cunning massas would come in the night, and soon was she again with her brothers, and these were put on their guard."

"But they were not brave enough to keep the redoubt upon the mountain," said Vincent, who was anxious to know how the fight had gone.

"Not brave enough?" shrieked the negro.—"White wretch, your brothers fled down the mountain. The night wind plays with their hair, and their teeth bite the ground. What have they gained by getting the redoubt? What have they gained before, upon the rocks? There lies Limbé, and behind us Dondon, and there rise the mornes up in the very centre of the land, and there shoot the white dogs, who would conquer it all? Do you laugh, massa," he cried, to the utmost rage; "do you laugh when Candi speaks? Isn't there fire here to burn you? Have we no irons to tear you limb from limb?"

He threw a glance towards his companions, who evidently needed only a hint to put his threats into execution, and appeared to hesitate only as to which way the prisoner should be despatched, when suddenly the hateful features of the little negro became wonderfully composed.

A man, passing slowly at a short distance among the trees, was attracted by the shrill voice of Candi, and paused and stood by the fire, where he was looking with great earnestness at Vincent. "Is it possible, my brother," cried Candi, "is it you, his Excellency, M. Jean François? Has he heard, how I lured these white asses into our net? What will he say to this, my brother? What honours do they mean to give me? How many gold Portugese shall I have?"

"As many as you deserve, brother," replied the stranger. "It is a wise saying that every one shall receive according to his deeds." At the first sound of the voice the transgressed spark of hope flashed up anew in the breast of Vincent. He lifted up his head, which was sunk upon his breast, and before him, dressed in a peasant cloak, stood Toussaint Breda. Vincent was about to utter the first words of his friend, surprise, but an inexplicable force kept him silently, deterred him. Toussaint had fixed upon his sombrely, deterred him. Toussaint had fixed upon his so-called brother a look of the most searching power, and to intimate danger. Vincent understood it. Toussaint knew him, but wished not to be known. Equally prudent had he interpreted Toussaint's look aright, his heart beat violently, but not that he was rescued. With an interest almost approaching to anxiety, he watched the next words of those thoughts, with the piercing insight of despair, he had so fully deciphered.

"I say, my brother," continued Toussaint, "every one shall receive according to his works, and so shall these whites receive to-day according to their deserts."

"And who has beaten them?" cried the little negro; "Candi, and his brothers, Jeannot, the brave Jeannot, and the black army from the quarrier of the Grande Rivière. Who then, my brother, said that they would come? Candi, who, disguised as a woman, found out the truth. And who came, when the fight was over?" he added, scornfully, "Jean François, who calls himself commander-in-chief."

"I will not dispute with you, Candi," replied Toussaint. "Jean François has failed, and driven the whites back to the Plain, and regained the redoubt. And we now hear that Touzard and his men will retreat still further, in order to ensure the safety of the town."

"Let us break up, then," cried Candi, in a tone of delight, "and hasten down there, and the white men live in splendid houses."

"Listen, my brother," said Toussaint, "it is strictly commanded, that no black army camp nine to-morrow in the parishes of Limbé and Dondon. Our Spanish friends have sent arms and money to Jean François, and he has declared that laying there by the fire?" he added; "a white massa! Do you make prisoners, my brother Candi? Do you then belong to the unfaithful, who seek to save a white man?"

Candi broke out into a loud laugh. "Never," he cried, "this master is safe. Don't you know that Jeannot has given the strictest orders to spare no white man? And Candi is his Lieutenant, Candi has seen many a one die. O! I know," he continued, "there is a way that would save the massas, many a blockhead who weeps when they have to dance between the fires at the palm-tree. But Jeannot has ordered, to spare no white man, and Candi is his Lieutenant."

"Well said," replied Toussaint, "by all that you have undertaken, you shall be richly rewarded. Have these white men been entrusted us for centuries, and shall we now weep when they fall? Let us go, Candi, my man, brother."

"Jeannot," cried Candi, with a horrible laugh, "needs a roast for his spit. Away, brother, this massa is an officer, and my General loves brave men. Come early to-morrow to Limbé, if you wish to gratify your revenge."

Toussaint stood for a moment lost in thought, and then said: "I will come, Candi, and this prisoner shall not die there without me. Carry him to the church at Limbé, where other white men have already been confined, and tell the guard that I, the black my brother, he is cold, give him some clothes, give him food, or weak and wretched he will long for the negroes were revenged, rebels, all! At this was said with such earnestness, with such an appearance of hatred and revenge, that Candi instantly fell into the tone of great reverence, complied with the suggestion. At a hint, Candi's friends were set free, and even his uniform was returned to him. A gourd of water was handed him, which he eagerly drained. When he turned round to look for Toussaint, he saw him at a little distance, conversing with Candi. Two strong negroes then took the Adjutant upon their shoulders, and the others surrounded him, and led him off with tolerable speed through the trees, whose tops were just beginning to be touched by the coming day. The ground was uneven, and when they emerged from the forest, a tolerably deep valley appeared, where the united forces of Jeannot and Toussaint's band